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Among the New Books

Criticisms from the January Yale Review

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Archibald Henderson

Take this with you

The Book-Reviewers of the January Yale Review

William Lyon Phelps is known throughout the country as a writer upon fiction and drama. He is Professor of English Literature at Yale.

Henry Barrett Learned, a member of the Department of Justice in Washington, D. C., is a specialist in American history.

Lee Wilson Dodd is a dramatist and poet of the new generation.

William Walker Rockwell is Associate Professor of Church History in Union Theological Seminary, New York City.

Conrad Aiken is one of the best-known of the younger American poets, author of "Charnel Rose" and other books of verse.

Leon Dominian was attached to the American Commission to Negotiate Peace at Paris. He is an expert in questions of nationality.

Chauncey Brewster Tinker is Professor of English at Yale and an essayist of growing reputation.

Charles S. Brooks is the author of "Chimney-Pot Papers" and "Journeys to Bagdad."

Harold J. Laski is a Harvard professor of economics.

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*Being parts of the book reviews in The
Yale Review for January, 1920*

THE PLAYS OF J. M. BARRIE

What Every Woman Knows; Quality Street; The Admirable Crichton; Alice Sit-by-the-Fire; Echoes of the War; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1918-1919. \$5.50.

In 1892 Stevenson wrote to Barrie: "I am proud to think you are a Scotchman. I am a capable artist; but it begins to look to me as if you were a man of genius." Stevenson was right; in the present golden age of the drama, Barrie is the most original and most profound dramatist of them all.

Barrie is not a self-appointed prophet; he does not assume intellectual leadership; he is neither cynic nor schoolmaster; but he has done more to elevate the stage than any other man of our time. And he has accomplished this simply by writing plays that are built on the permanent foundations of human nature, that are full of action, shining with brilliant dialogue, sparkling with wit and humor, heart-shaking with tragedy, and clean as the west wind. His is the drama of ideas, as distinguished from the drama of opinions.

I now have before me as I write, five charming little volumes—"What Every Woman Knows," "Quality Street," "The Admirable Crichton," "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire," and "Echoes of the War." Every one is a masterpiece, and together they constitute the most important contribution to the English drama since Sheridan.

The reason why Barrie was reluctant to prepare his plays for publication, was because—from his own point of view—it was necessary to write confidential "stage directions," intended only for the reader's eyes. They are worth waiting for. It is evident that an enormous amount of time and care has been spent upon this part of the book, a part that cannot be played before the footlights, except by some genius of interpretation. Take for example the wonderful description of the Oxford man, which prepares the reader for his appearance. All American college men will be interested in studying this, because we are too ready to believe that English college students are more intellectually developed than ours, which is not true. This portrait, sketched without a

trace of cynicism—Barrie loves the boy—is recognizable immediately at Yale, Harvard, Princeton:

"Before Mrs. Quickly has reached the door it opens to admit an impatient young man in knickerbockers and a Norfolk jacket, all aglow with rain-drops. Public school (and the particular one) is written on his forehead, and almost nothing else; he has scarcely yet begun to surmise that anything else may be required. He is modest and clear-eyed, and would ring for his tub in Paradise; (reputably athletic also), with an instant smile always in reserve for the antagonist who accidentally shins him. Whatever you, as his host, ask him to do, he says he would like to awfully if you don't mind his being a priceless duffer at it; his vocabulary is scanty, and in his engaging mouth "priceless" sums up all that is to be known of good or ill in our varied existence; at a pinch it would suffice him for most of his simple wants, just as one may traverse the continent with *Combien?* His brain is quite as good as another's, but as yet he has referred scarcely anything to it. He respects learning in the aged, but shrinks uncomfortably from it in contemporaries, as persons who have somehow failed. To him the proper way to look upon ability is as something we must all come to in the end. He has a nice taste in the arts that have come to him by the way of socks, spats, and slips, and of these things he has a large and happy collection, which he laughs at jollily in public (for his sense of humor is sufficient), but in the privacy of his chamber he sometimes spreads them out like troutlet on the river's bank and has his quiet thrills of exultation. Having lately left Oxford, he is facing the world confidently with nothing to impress it except these and a scarf he won at Fives (beating Hon. Billy Minhorn). He has not yet decided whether to drop into business or diplomacy or the bar. (There will be a lot of fag about this); and all unknown to him there is a grim piece of waste land waiting for him in Canada, which he will make a hash of, or it will make a man of him. (Billy will be there too.)"

"The Admirable Crichton" expresses the fundamental philosophy of Barrie—which is nothing more nor less than democracy. The ideal community will be a community where the rulers will be those most fit to rule, regardless of their ancestry, wealth, or social status. With all its wonderful richness of humor, "The Admirable Crichton" is a profound tragedy.

"The Legend of Leonora," one of the most original of Barrie's productions, is only apparently fantastic; fundamentally it is not fantastic at all. Here, instead of dramatizing action and conversation, he has dramatized human

motives and impulses—which in organized society cannot possibly come to fruition.

Barrie has the distinction of having written the worst and the best drama of the war—I refer to “Der Tag” and “The Old Lady Shows her Medals.” The former is the only writing by Barrie that is flat. The latter is the most beautiful, most deeply affecting war play I have seen. The fact that Barrie’s adopted son was killed in the war may possibly have kindled his inspiration here; though with a genius so sympathetic as his, no personal grief was necessary to complete understanding. I have never seen an audience more affected; unrestrained sobbing was heard all over the house. I could no more help crying than I could help breathing.

As for “Peter Pan,” it is eternal. There is no reason why children in the year 3000 will not enjoy it as keenly as we. His plays are the shows of this world. He gives us pictures of all humanity—our follies, our impossible and futile dreams, our sordidness, our nobility, our vanity; and he accomplishes all this without a trace of venom or of scorn, without a flavor of superiority; because he loves men, women, and children. In him Love is never blind.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

SWINBURNE ONCE MORE

The Letters of Algernon Charles Swinburne, edited by Edmund Gosse and Thomas James Wise, 2 vols., John Lane Co., New York,

Two years ago Mr. Gosse gave us the official biography of Swinburne; at the same time Mrs. Disney Leith, the poet’s cousin, attempted to supplement it with a more intimate volume, consisting chiefly of extracts from family correspondence. In 1918 the posthumous poems were collected and edited by Mr. Gosse and Mr. Wise. And now the same gentlemen put forth what is obviously designed to be, for the present at least, the official record of the author’s correspondence.

This book, like its predecessors, is somewhat disappointing. It has, clearly, been put together in a hurry in order to take advantage of what remains of the popular interest in Swinburne. An evidence of the haste with which the editors have worked is seen in the fact that one of the letters (to Joseph Knight, “Holmwood, July 8th”) is actually printed twice, first on page 141 (Volume I), dated 1874, and again on page 303, dated 1875. It is evident that the American edition, if not the English, has been pitched into print with

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little or no editorial supervision. The material of this rather important letter has twice been gravely indexed—presumably by some hack assistant. America must put up with what it can get.

The editors make no pretense of completeness—indeed, they seem to think it hardly desirable; yet their volumes are lacking in that distinction and sustained interest which might be expected in a more modest collection of choice specimens. Except for three or four youthful letters, there is hardly an example of that familiar note which, for many readers, is the peculiar charm of published correspondence. There is not a family letter in the entire series. One suspects that this rather serious omission is due to a lack of harmony between the Swinburne family and the official editors chosen by the publishers. The Pre-Raphaelite group is similarly neglected. There are, for example, no letters to Dante or Christina Rossetti, specimens of which are already in print elsewhere. It is clear that the editors had no disposition to undergo the labor or to spend the time—perhaps to exercise the tact—required to assemble a truly representative record of Swinburne's correspondence. What they have given us instead is a collection of the poet's correspondence with a large and rather adoring set of literary men. The Swinburne of whom we would fain know more is not the essayist or enemy of Dr. Furnivall (with a singular gift for Billingsgate), but the youthful singer who burst upon Victorian England clad in every quality that could alarm Queen, clergy, and Laureate, and sang to the immature of the roses and raptures of vice. An earlier generation had been similarly fascinated by Byron, as a later one was to be by Wilde; the decade of the 'sixties was startled out of its peaceful absorption in Tennyson and Elizabeth Barrett Browning by the sinister radiance of Swinburne, poet, scholar, and fire-brand. What might not be expected of him? Was it true that he could talk Greek with the Master of Balliol? Was it true that he wrote French verse more easily than English verse? Had he not defiled a crucifix? Who was this young aristocrat, "with a rainbow wrought about his head," who, out of the political unrest of Italy, could weave the fabric of his song?

It would seem that the correspondence of this youthful Swinburne, collected and set forth in its fulness by some immaterial student, must one day be given to the world. But the time is not yet. Swinburne is still in the hands of his friends. In life he was the property of Mr. Watts-Dunton; in death he seems to belong to Mr. Gosse.

CHAUNCEY BREWSTER TINKER.

A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, Vol. IV

By Edward Channing, Macmillan Co., 1917. \$2.75.

Professor Channing's book which compasses the opening period of twenty-five years of our government under the Constitution is written in most respects with sound judgment. Bibliographical notes scattered through the volume should be helpful to the student and enlightening to any reader.

On the political side of the epoch the volume is stronger than on either the economic or social side. Such chapters as those relating to the organization of the new government, American foreign policy, and the rise of political parties are well balanced and informing. The chapters on what the author is pleased to call the Louisiana procurement and its aftermath unravel and set forth adequately numerous complicated circumstances, assigning due honors to Robert R. Livingston, Monroe, and Jefferson for the consummation of the acquisition. But many a reader will wonder why nothing is anywhere said about the Lewis and Clark expedition, or why so slight attention is paid to the interest in the western country which was developing significantly throughout the period.

HENRY BARRETT LEARNED.

WHAT IS NATIONAL HONOR?

By Leo Perla, Macmillan Co., 1918. \$1.50.

In Perla's book we find a note of anticipation struck perhaps somewhat prematurely. These years of hard strain deny convincingly all possibility of substituting internationalism for nationalism as long as there are boundaries to the areas in which democratic principles prevail. Between our British and French allies and ourselves the true bond is that of democracy. It is a bond for which the sanction of a treaty is not required, which will subsist as long as we all remain democratic peoples and towards which other peoples will gravitate if they, too, become democratic. Beyond that, the argument of apostles of internationalism becomes sophistry. Artificial bonds between nations may be created, as they have been. But they cannot be lasting. We know of an international intellectual bond, and we also appreciate the sense of solidarity which exists among laborers of all countries. But on that fateful first day of August in 1914 we also realize the worthlessness of these ties, and it is largely to this realization that we owe printed thought of the character reviewed in these lines.

LEON DOMINIAN.

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NATIONAL SELF-GOVERNMENT

By Ramsay Muir, Henry Holt & Co., 1918. \$2.75.

Muir's work is essentially a study of the fabric of British liberties, and throughout his pages the contrast between theoretical conceptions of self-government and its practical application by the British people is vigorously brought out. It is historical in scope, showing the gradual development of a parliamentary system, both natural and efficient in character, out of feudal institutions through the estates of mediaeval society.

To the American reader many of Muir's pages will suggest the contrast between the constitution of Great Britain and our republican counterpart, in spite of the party cabinet system, which is similar in both. The case is not one for comparison of merit, since each suited best the country for which it was intended. But as a system of modern self-government, the democratic spirit of our own institutions looms strong over the traditions of a ruling class out of which British democracy was born. In both the fundamental quality of fair play, which undoubtedly is the main characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon mind, is in evidence. Yet our government, which at its very inception was a mere experiment, turned out to be a success, so much so in fact that the need of remodelling it has been but slightly felt, whereas it is only by constant improvement that the British system has reached its present stage.

LEON DOMINIAN.

THREE ENGLISH ESSAYISTS.

Leaves in the Wind, by Alpha of the Plough, E. P. Dutton & Co. Books in General, by Solomon Eagle, Alfred A. Knopf. Out and About London, by Thomas Burke, Henry Holt & Co., New York, 1919.

Essay: "a discursive composition concerned with a particular subject." Thus, in part, the Century Dictionary—my invariable authority, since it happens to be the one I own. I feel reasonably safe, then, in asserting that the three books listed above contain "essays"—more than a hundred, all told: essays on "Mowing," on "Vodka and Vagabonds," on "Wordsworth's Personal Dullness," on a little of everything. But if Mr. Burke had written the essay on "Mowing" instead of Alpha of the Plough, it would have proved a less traditional composition; and if Alpha *etc.*—instead of Solomon Eagle—had written on "Wordsworth's Personal

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Dullness," there would have been a more curious congruity between the style and the subject matter.

Briefly the essays of Alpha may be highly recommended to those mild, lettered beings who regarded the "Contributors' Club" of "The Atlantic Monthly" as the last word in jocund urbanity, in piquancy and pith. Have I made it plain that the essays of Alpha do not anywhere remind me of the essays of Chesterton?

Nor do the essays of "Solomon Eagle," though they make pleasant reading and do not pretend to make more. They are a selection from papers contributed weekly to "The New Statesman" since 1913 by Mr. J. C. Squire, the English poet. He has borrowed for his odd pseudonym the name of a poor maniac "who, during the Great Plague of London, used to run naked through the street, with a pan of coals of fire on his head, crying 'Repent, repent.'" But I should say this is about the last thing Solomon Eagle, journalist, would be likely to do. Happily, he is more inclined to share with us his smiling and civilized joy in old books and contemporary foibles than to scatter round coals of fire from his pan. This book is exactly as its author describes it: the sort "one reads in, without tedium, for ten minutes before one goes to sleep." But perhaps the most permanently amusing thing in it is a quotation from an unknown school-girl, a masterpiece said to have been scribbled on a black-board and too prudently—as between immediate chastisement and immortal fame—left unsigned:

"Miss Buss and Miss Beale
Cupid's darts do not feel.
How different from us
Miss Beale and Miss Buss."

As for Burke's essays (I do not refer to those so frequently assigned for college entrance examinations) they altogether escape, I am glad to say, from our too-long-a-dying, genteel tradition of *belles lettres*. The contemporary Burke isn't copying anybody; possible he is setting a new pattern for later Burkes. He stands on his feet, looks about him, and vividly reports what he sees. He happens in this book to be looking at war-time London, and much that he sees there is still of curious interest, well worthy of this vital record. And to readers desirous of testing their sense for what is new minted and genuine as opposed to what is rubbed and counterfeit I suggest a reading, first, of an essay by Alpha of the Plough called "On the American Soldier," and, second, a reading of Thomas Burke's final essay in "Out and About London," called "Attaboy!"

LEE WILSON DODD.

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THE SHORTER BIBLE: THE NEW TESTAMENT

Translated and arranged by Charles Foster Kent, with the collaboration of Charles Cutler Torrey, Henry A. Sherman, Frederick Harris, and Ethel Cutler, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1918. \$1.00.

This is not a substitute for the Bible, but a re-arrangement of selected portions. It is significant in style, order, and omissions; and the least of its innovations is in style.

The present version aims to "present the thought of the biblical writers so plainly and directly that commentaries will be unnecessary." To aid assimilation, it expands the wheat grains of scripture. An example of such a "puffed" text is the familiar benediction in Philippians, which becomes "the peace of God, which is beyond all human understanding, keep guard over your hearts and your minds in union with Christ Jesus." Such elaboration makes for clearness, not always for vigor.

In paragraphing, "The Shorter Bible" is crisp. The revisers of a generation ago dropped the division into verses, but modern newspaper readers do not cope readily with the resulting blocks of text. The revisers printed the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians as a single paragraph; Professor Kent divides that Hymn of Love into five.

From the short paragraph it is but a step to the topical heading. To bring the readers more speedily to their goals, the latest editors have headlined the major paragraphs of Holy Writ. The headlines are also tabulated as Contents, where they occupy thirteen pages, and form a topical outline.

Through re-arrangement the fourfold story of the gospels becomes a single narrative. The resultant picture of the career of Jesus is clear and interesting. One tapestry is easier to visualize than four. The main outline is given by the chronological indications in the oldest gospel, Mark. Unity is achieved by interweaving not phrases but passages drawn chiefly from the first three gospels. The teachings of Jesus come after the story of his life. They are classified under appropriate heads.

All in all, we may say that by judicious omissions Professor Kent has given the gist of Scripture. He has presented the material in modern language, and in the order in which it was written, so far as he can tell. Devotee or despiser, one cannot but be affected by the directness, force, evident structure, and logical development that characterize this booklet that calls itself "The Shorter Bible: The New Testament."

WILLIAM WALKER ROCKWELL.

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THE NEW ERA IN AMERICAN POETRY

By Louis Untermeyer, Henry Holt & Co., 1919. \$2.25.

"The New Era in American Poetry" is the only comprehensive study we have had, so far, of the contemporary poetic renaissance, and it is, as a whole, accurate and intelligent; the studies of Frost, Masters, Amy Lowell, and Robinson are informative and sound; but Mr. Untermeyer has a strong bias towards poetry which is consciously "democratic," and for this reason he overrates such poets as Oppenheim, Giovanitti, and Brody, sees Sandburg a little awry, and does a great deal less than justice to Fletcher, Eliot, Stevens, Bodenheim, Kreymborg, and Pound. Mr. Untermeyer prefers the sort of art that has a purpose; poetry which exists only to be true, or beautiful, or strange, leaves him a little unsatisfied. With due allowance made for this twist in Mr. Untermeyer's mind, however, his book is valuable. It would have been, nevertheless, even more valuable had the author condensed it by at least a third, left a little more cheerfully behind him his sociological and personal biases, and given his energies and intelligence not so much to what I spoke of as the "waves" of contemporary poetry as to its currents. The latter, especially, would have given his book more coherence and, for the poets with whom he deals, more genuine and fruitful interest.

CONRAD AIKEN.

CONVENTION AND REVOLT IN POETRY

By John Livingston Lowes, Houghton Mifflin Co., 1919. \$1.75.

Professor Lowes's thesis is the process by which a sort of organic growth and change and decay go forward, more or less cyclically, in poetry: the process by which, in turn, new elements are brought to poetry, are gradually conventionalized and stereotyped (leading to a period of formalism), until either some new genius arises capable of breathing life into conventions seemingly sterile; or, on the other hand, a sharper sort of revolt ensues which breaks with tradition altogether—a revolt likely to confer only the briefest fame on the revolutionist, but adding, none the less, some new and perhaps precious element to the gamut of the art. Put thus briefly, Professor Lowes's theory seems platitudinous enough—which is, as it happens, extremely unfair. For this is one of the soundest and most delightfully written books on poetry which we have had in a very long time. Professor Lowes combines the best qualities of the scholar and the

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amateur: his wealth of information is imposing, and if one chooses to liken his mind to a library of a size a little terrifying, one should add that Professor Lowes commands its labyrinths at all times with a colorful celerity which positively suggests the elfin. He writes with gusto and wit; he draws his historical background with almost a superabundance of rich detail; and when he applies his theories to contemporary movements in poetry he does it with persuasiveness, tact, and, one feels, with an absence of bias which at the moment is rare.

The arrangement of the book is excellent. The first half of it gives one, as I have said, the background—shows the working of the convention-and-revolt theory as regards form, material, diction, in the poetry of the past; and the second half gives us the application of this theory, thus admirably and impersonally established, to the various kinds of radicalism in poetry which are contemporary. This will be, for those interested in such things, the most valuable part of the book. Professor Lowes' discussions of poetic diction, of free verse, of Imagism, of polyphonic prose, of the vogue of the fragmentary, of the cult of "modernity," are deliciously candid and searching; so adroitly prepared for, and when (as frequently) destructive, so gently destructive, as to have almost the air, colloquially speaking, of a "put-up job." The sound elements in radicalism come out, of course, unscathed. It is only that sort of radicalism which has no basis in reason and is at bottom merely a kind of exhibitionism, which suffers any blight. One can, indeed, think of no shrewder test of the essential honesty of any of our literary revolutionists than that he should be able to read this book without a sinking, secret or acknowledged, of the heart.

One has only two regrets: one, that Professor Lowes should so far have yielded to the current of the times as to have included his last chapter, which is a trifle too proudly Anglo-Saxon, and, for his purpose, really unnecessary; and the other, that he does not definitely and permanently come down into the arena as a critic. His services in the latter capacity would be invaluable.

CONRAD AIKEN.

HOW THE WORLD VOTES

*By Charles Seymour and Donald P. Frary, C. A. Nichols Co.,
1918. \$6.50.*

This book is an excellent example of effective popularization. It brings together within reasonable compass the material for understanding the electoral systems of practic-

ally every important country in the world. It is a well-written book; and though it makes no pretensions to original research it is at every point accurate and well-informed. The one criticism of importance I am inclined to make is of the narrow sphere within which the authors move. One would have gladly sacrificed not a little of the historic narrative for some effective estimate of the systems compared.

The apparatus of the suffrage is important only as it provides a mechanism whereby the impulses of men can obtain an adequate expression. But those impulses are far too complex in character for the false simplicity of electoral issues to give them sufficient representation. Some of them, indeed, are not intellectual at all; and it seems clearer each decade that for not a few the political state can make no real provision. Professor Seymour gives us the means of knowing what can be used in normal political life. But I am not sure that the great treatise will not be the critical examination of its deficiencies.

HAROLD J. LASKI.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY THEATRE

By William Lyon Phelps, Macmillan Co., 1918. \$1.25.

This book, long advertised by the publishers, surprises in the contrast between the comprehensiveness of the title and the brevity of the contents. There is, however, no disappointment over its quality; for it is packed with good things, after the authentic order and quite in the vein of Phelps.

Despite encouraging signs regarding the drama, Mr. Phelps unhesitatingly declares that "the condition of theatrical art in America and for that matter in England needs to be altogether reformed." And this, please remember, was written a year before the epochal actors' strike. No diffidence or dubiety deters Mr. Phelps: "I know exactly what the disease is, and I know exactly what remedy would cure it; but I have no idea how to bring the remedy to the patient."

Enter Doctor Phelps, famous diagnostician of theatrical ills, who charges only a fee of one-fifty per person and freely dedicates his discoveries to the world—in behalf of social science—or shall I say?—theatrical art. Now, Doctor, tell us quickly what is the trouble and prescribe the remedy, if you please—as the public is suffering violent pains and threatening to go into convulsions. Well, well! It's quite simple: *There must be a stock company in every city, and every company must have the right to produce new plays.* By stock companies, Professor Phelps means not stock companies as we ordinarily know them in the United States, but

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stock companies "conducted on the European plan"—where the actor is not a *blasé* transient, but a real member of society, a citizen in the town; where the company is a team, not a pyramid for a star; and where the player is not forced to run at high pressure all the time, within a limited range of character rôles, but is able to have leisure for study, and varies his rôles, not only in character but also in difficulty.

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

By Julia Collier Harris, Houghton Mifflin Co., 1918. \$3.50.

There is a tendency for relatives—daughters and nephews (male or female)—if they undertake a biography, to yield to an inclusion of the trivial. Like housewives at cleaning time, they rummage too closely in the family treasure. Although it is quite proper of them to display from the table album a youthful picture of their hero, it is straining the reader's patience if too many portraits of uncles and aunts appear. Nor does a favorite cook need a chronicler.

Sometimes, of course, the narrator has high talent of his own and he lifts the trivial into art. For such a narrator nothing is without significance. For such, let aunts and uncles—their wens and hoop-skirts—gather to the picture! Let the household, the very barnyard of the hero crowd up into view! But such talent is rare.

Mrs. Harris, a daughter-in-law, has not quite this ability, and yet she escapes largely from the former defects. There are certainly too many examples of juvenile poetry from the columns of country papers. There is, perhaps, also, too meticulous an inquiry into the place of Mr. Harris's birth, and the affairs of Eatonton, Georgia, require too much space in the early narrative. But at last we get on, and presently the pedestrian pace quickens towards the middle of the book and gives us delightful reading to the end.

Having now expressed our worst opinion, it is fair to add that Mrs. Harris writes clearly and effectively. She conveys her meaning without doubt or question. She writes with self-forgetting absorption in her task. Except for her early pages her book is interesting throughout. When we have finished it we feel that we have gained an agreeable acquaintance with a man whose acquaintance is of value—a modest man who lived simply and truthfully with widening influence. His contact, for the most part, was with honest, plain, woollen folk. We have a few glimpses of his visits to

New York—a dinner in his honor—his embarrassment and escape. He is invited to the White House. It is an agreeable picture of Mr. Harris and of President Roosevelt and his family. We have glances also—too brief—of Mark Twain and James Whitcomb Riley. With the latter Mr. Harris was intermittently but intimately associated. We can only regret that letters back and forth with school girls could not have been exchanged for additional correspondence with the poet from Indiana.

CHARLES S. BROOKS.

HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR

By James Ford Rhodes, Macmillan Co., 1917. \$2.50.

Aided by some variety of historical works published on the epoch within the past fifteen years, Mr. Rhodes has rewritten the story of the Civil War. He has, however, followed closely the outlines and in places the actual text of his original narrative to be found in the third, fourth, and fifth volumes of his large "History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850." In this manner he has accomplished the feat of reducing about 1600 pages of detailed narrative to the compass of rather more than 400 pages. The volume is useful. It is unlikely, however, to add anything to the historian's reputation for thorough and fair-minded workmanship. Divested of all elaborate footnotes and long citations—evidence which serves to convince, but seldom to interest a reader—the book affords a well-balanced and brief study of the period.

In general the style is direct and smooth without a trace of grace or brilliancy. In his portrait of Lincoln which stands out conspicuously, as one would wish, in a gallery of leaders from the North and the South, Mr. Rhodes comes near to tenderness in the presentation. It is his maturest word upon the great President.

HENRY BARRETT LEARNED.



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Edited by WILBUR CROSS

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